

Lead Yo Horse

Sir Mix-a-lot

[CHORUS] You can lead yo horse to water

But you cannot make him drink

I'm just tryin to spit some game

So you might wanna stop and think (2x)

[VERSE 1: Malika] Okay, 'Lik's gon' come anew for '9-6

Lead yo ass to the aqua, but I can't make a brother rich

You gotta go for self, and then help others

Mama wasn't lyin when she put you up on game, brother

All up in the house gettin loud and disrespectin

'Lik steps in, regulatin and hoe-checkin

All them makes wishes, ain't already tryin to sympathize

Players stay paid all day, but yo ass stays broke and high

Oh my, kids and stuff all over like some roller skates

Still I keeps it on my pape and niggas be tryin to playa-hate

But that'll get you rolled up sideways

Whoever said crime pays never got 3 strikes in L.A.

Makes you lonely, sayin, contributin to mines

You could be hella fine, but ain't nobody spendin mines

Mobbin with the Crowbar with some common sense

You can stay hella bent, I be at the water stackin presidents

[CHORUS][VERSE 2: Sir Mix-A-Lot] One of these goddamn set-backs of havin your mail fat

Is some of these lax-ass wanna-be macks, and you hoes in black

They tracks sound booty, and they ain't doin they duty

In the studio, and only if you knew me, though

You'd see that I puts in work, and puts hurt

On your flirts that wanna wear skirts and try to jerk

But you'se in love with a fantasy, trick

You wanna 'sit on yo ass, collect checks and shit'

You was younger than me, so I schooled ya

Gave you the tools to come up and get down like a ruler

Took you to executive brunches, high-powered lunches

Gave you dough in bunches

So get your fried chicken and your watermelon

Start the yellin, Mix-A-Lot is why you ain't sellin

Old Uncle Tom nigga gettin mad

But you know you never worked for the shit you had

Start drinkin, bitch

[CHORUS] Hey yo, 'Lik, fill in the blanks

What's up with these would-be gold diggers chasin entertainer niggas
Handin out sugar daddy contracts to big black macks in black pimp Caddies

I mean excuse me for pimpin, but ah...

[VERSE 3: Malika]Tryin to see a meal ticket like's they big goals

Rollin fat hoops and rollin gizzy stashin big loads

Jump your woman, but ain't handlin yo business

County aid plea, check so small you can't buy bisquits

Got you a family, still you all up in mines

Fuckin off's the hot rule, but see, 'Lik gon' fit to be fine

She ain't right, got her shorties runnin the streets with retardation

Bein barely sleep, puttin on that sneaky dick in her

Boys will be boys, that's how the game goes

Ask Mix-A-Lot, they all hoes, and this player knows

Better bumrush school and get your G.E.D.

Cause welfare, homey, been cuttin back since '83

Two carts ??? and still be tryin to front

Use your diaper money to load up them philly blunts

Get a 9 to 5, change your whole mindframe

Cause doin without ain't what's happenin, put yourself up on game

Kill or hustle, somethin, gotta drink the water, girl

That's from a sister, 'broke' don't exist in Malika's world

[CHORUS]

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